

reached the summit was really ill. The drift was not only blinding and stinging but suffocating. I was quite breathless, and felt a chill round my heart. I could not even see *Boy's* neck, and he cowered from the blast; but just as all things were obliterated I found myself being helped to dismount in the shelter of a camel stable full of Lazes, but was so benumbed that I could not stand. Some *zaptiejis* had the humanity to offer me the shelter of a hovel nearly buried in the snow, and made a fire and some coffee, and I waited there till the wind moderated. It came in such fierce gusts as actually to blow two of the baggage horses over on their sides. Murphy was really ill of fever for two days from the cold and exposure. The altitude of the pass is about 6627 feet.

The first part of the descent was made on foot, for the snow had drifted on the road to a height of fully twenty feet, leaving only a path of shelving ice on the brink of a precipitous slope. Earlier in the day twenty laden camels had gone over, and were heaped in the ravine below, not all dead. The road dips with some suddenness into a deep glen, dark with pine and beech forests; large rhododendrons and the *Azalea pontica* forming a dense undergrowth. Long gray lichen hung from the branches, Christmas roses and premature primroses bloomed in sheltered places, the familiar polypody and the *Asplenium adiantum nigrum* filled every crevice, soft green moss draped the rocks, there was a delicious smell of damp

autumn leaves, and when we reached the  
Greek village of  
Hamzikeuy clouds were rolling heavily up the  
valley from  
the not far distant ocean.

The two days which followed were easy  
and pleasant,  
through a prosperous and peopled valley  
brightened by  
the rushing waters of the Surmel, the  
ancient Pyxites.  
Orchards and tillage beautify the lower  
slopes of the  
mountains, the road is excellent, the  
homesteads are in